Volume LIX CHICAGO, MARCH 28, 1907 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

RENEWAL.

I read the texts they tell me prove
  That death comes but to set men free,
But still within my soul there clings
  A doubt of immortality.

I con the promise o'er and o'er
  That man eternal life shall find,—
Then close the book and wander forth
  With doubting heart and troubled mind.

The crocus blossoms at my feet
  As down the river path I stray,
And on the greening willow branch
  The catkins glisten, sleek and gray.

I do not doubt the latent power
  That lies behind the budding bough,—
And am I, Catkin by the stream,
  Less worthy life than thou?

O risen Lord, O bursting bud,
  One purpose in ye both I see:—
Triumphantly my soul renews
  Its faith in immortality!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Easter, 1907.

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LILIES OF THE VALLEY

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1907 NUMBER 4

Twice Born

I stood alone in sickness of the soul,
None wanted me, or service I could bring,
And in the blue I watched the birds awing
With blinded eyes: "What purpose in the whole?
Why ceaseless grope—is love in the strong power
Which moves all life? Only man's little hour
Is black with striving which comes not from sense
The life below seems freer—asks not whence—"

A cottonseed came slowly floating past
On wings of down. I saw no parent tree,
Only the Power impelled which set it free
And sent to seek its mission—earth at last.
And then long darkness ere the seed shall rise
A shelter and a comfort—o'er my yearning eyes
The quiet fell. I, too, go forth on wings.
Where I shall rest I know not, but God's springs,
Ay, even his darkness shall my soul set free.

ALICE DENISON WILEY.

The Wisconsin state appropriation for the Jamestown Exposition was defeated in the Lower House the other day, chiefly owing to the military character of the exposition. The opposition was led by the leading orator of the labor party. In other sense than the poet intended it is still true, "Peace hath her victories."

Wall street gave another exhibition of "modern business methods" the other day, the net result of which was merely the transfer of some $300,000,000 from certain pockets to others. The press is in doubt whether it was a financial panic or a "huge joke"! Assuredly it was huge, but as apparently only "professional investors" suffered our sympathy is much attenuated.

In compliance with the loud protest of faculty and students, as well as many friends of Princeton, Dr. Henry Van Dyke has withdrawn his resignation and will remain at the University. Conspicuous success makes it hard to escape these days even when personal desire and conception of duty seem to unite. Dr. Van Dyke is the type of liberal spirit and open mind much needed in Princeton.

The Ministers' Institute at Chicago University has come to be a matter of general interest. At the regular meeting next week a memorial service to the late Dean Hulbert will be held Monday forenoon. The subsequent theme for general discussion will be "The Church and the People." Prof. Graham Taylor and Miss Jane Addams give addresses on Monday afternoon; Miss Mary McDowell and Prof. Charles Henderson speak Tuesday morning, and Professors Theo. Soares and Franklin Johnson in the afternoon. The program is both interesting and significant and will prove helpful. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministers.

A brilliant foreign actress, writing to a woman friend here, says *Collier's,* expresses her desire to be with her friend, but with the poignant regret—"In America there is no time for tenderness." This is a good text for a sermon on our not-simple life, our life of feverish clamor and mad rush from one battlefield to another. It is heart-rending to learn how even the noblest and tenderest of the gentler sex are insensibly driven to the worship of Dives, estimating their comfort and pleasure, life's possibilities, by the dollars available for rent and cuisine, dresses and gaieties, the sickening slavery of custom and style. Is tenderness and peace and contentment with small means impossible in America today?

The futility of the command "believe just what the bible says" has been pointed out frequently, but finds new illustration in an article in the March *Cosmopolitan* by the Earl of Dunmore, a prominent Scotch baron, who declares that Mrs. Eddy's teaching is in exact accord with the New Testament and "is simply a clear understanding of the religion of Christ" which she gained from a careful study of the Scriptures. Recent articles in the *McClure's,* as well as many others, quite definitely "prove" this statement entirely false. And so the battle of the literalists goes on while the "letter that killeth" is gradually being remanded to its proper place, and the "spirit that maketh alive" is slowly coming to be recognized as the real truth and authority of all religion and all life.

It is too early to pass final judgment on the action of Mrs. Russell Sage in devoting ten million dollars to the Sage Foundation, for the improvement of social and living conditions throughout the country, but the scheme is a magnificent one and there are inspiring possibilities for the largest and truest altruism. To provide for the careful investigation of evil social conditions throughout the country, for the purpose and with the intent of putting into operation remedies for overcoming them,—this is Napoleonic. With an income of half a million a year, which very possibly may be increased by the donor, the directors of this fund will be able to aid existing charities, as seems to be the intention, in a tremendously important way. Perhaps after all Mrs. Sage may be more successful in spending her millions than her husband was in accumulating them.

The Tri-Church council came to its task last week with energy and enthusiasm. It was interesting in many ways to watch the tides of denominational pride and fraternal enthusiasm sweep over the council of about three hundred members. It was inspiring to note how little attention was paid to two or three Congregational brethren who objected to the "Confusion of Faith" because it contained no "second coming" and no eschatology. We were not surprised to find these objectors were among the very few Congregationalists avowedly opposed to the Congress of Religion. It is not the scope but the whole principle of Christian Fellowship which they really oppose. In spite of slight opposition, as reported by our associate on the Watch Tower, the union of these three denominations was tentatively effected. If this Federal-Union of churches is a success the end is not yet.

Later reports do not lessen the seriousness of the conflict between the Idaho authorities and the Western Miners' Union over the arrest and trial of the labor leaders charged with the murder of Governor Steunenberg. Labor organizations all over the country are greatly interested. Recently a local meeting of the "Industrial Workers of the World," representing eighty-four San Francisco labor unions, was held in San Francisco at which the U. S. flag was greeted with hoots and hisses and cries of "Take that rag out of here." Says *The California Christian Advocate*: "One or two more such barbarous and disgraceful demonstrations, and blood will run freely in the streets of this maddened and demoralized city." After the meeting, it is said, a great crowd sang the "Marseillaise." Unless the labor unions wish to defeat their own cause and fortify the positions of the capitalists, such anarchy and mob violence must be suppressed. The nation believes in its destiny and will defend its flag.

The past quarter century of reaction and protest against unreasoning faith has not only written interrogation points among the easily accepted creeds of Christendom, but has opened many blind eyes to the real and the vital in human life. Men are no longer forced to believe alike, for they are held together by their fellowships, their common ideals and aspirations, hopes and visions. Questions about the physical resurrection are beside the mark. The Easter glory and power does not rest on an empty tomb, does not pertain to a decomposing body, but fills and transforms the world of spirit and of life, life that is real, that is God-born, that is as endless and abiding as God himself. This is the Easter faith which belongs to Christendom and with which no metaphysical questions have aught to do. Facing the problems and the questions of life and death—

> "What stops my despair?
> This: 'tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!"

None have put more clearly the strength and the beauty, the spirit and the power of Easter truth than Browning's Saul:

> "It is by no breath,
> Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
> As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
> Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
> He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
> 'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

The Increase of Forest Reserves

The action of the last Congress in reference to public lands and forests seemed to us quite unsatisfactory, as expressed in these columns recently. Just before signing an act of Congress which abridged the authority of the President to create reserves in the states of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, Mr. Roosevelt issued a proclamation adding some seven million acres of forest lands to the National Forest Reserves. We have seen very little comment on this action of the executive in opposition to the will of Congress, but three things can be said about it.

On the one hand it will be said this is autocratic rule, "one-man power," an overleaping of the fundamental principles of democracy. It comports rather with the high-handed procedure of a Czar, than with the executive of a democracy obeying the will of the people expressed through their representatives. Leaving out of account the ethics of this question, is it wise to permit a president to thus thwart the will and enactment of the Congress? To this it will be replied the statute of 1891 definitely gave the President full power to do what he did. There is no question about his authority in the matter. Moreover preparation for this action had been carried on for two years with the utmost care and deliberation, full surveys having been practically completed. The action of the president was therefore entirely legal, had been long anticipated, and is subject to review by the next Congress if it sees fit.

A third fact is that the action of Congress was largely inspired by those who wished to divert to private ownership as great a share as possible of the remaining forests, and in disregard of the claims of the future. For some reasons the President did not choose to veto the bill, but he did think it unwise to neglect the tracts which had been selected for reserves lest they become dissipated before Congress could take specific action, while if he erred in judgment his mistake could be easily corrected. From this point of view he showed characteristic courage and boldly championed the cause of all the people against well known private monopoly. As far as this question is concerned his action is abundantly justi-

fied, but the larger problem cannot be ignored. It is very clear that our government is becoming more centralized. Is this necessary and is it well?

C. A. O.

An Open Letter to Mayor Dunne

PHOENIX, ARIZ., March 15, 1907.

His Honor, Mayor Edward Dunne, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Dunne—I am sorry that my usual March escape takes me out of the "thick of the fight" in Chicago this spring again, but I am frank to say that, were I there, I would have but little joy in the campaign, for still the independent voter and the truly patriotic citizen of Chicago has to take whatever is handed out to him by party men and party measures, which are inimical to the higher interests of the city and with which he has no sympathy, and to cope with which he is entirely helpless.

My friendship for you and admiration for you as a gentleman, a scholar and a man of unimpeachable integrity, impels me to write you this frank open letter as to how the situation appears to me.

Candidly, then, I have been greatly disappointed in your attitude concerning the pending railway ordinance. It seems to me a legitimate child of your own. It came into being under your fostering care and, as I believe, wise and consistent direction, and to have you abandon your own offspring just at the time it began to give promise of a growing life seems to me a case of parental heartlessness.

I know there is a speculative element in the ordinance on which the contending parties base their divergent hopes. The capitalists who have vested interests at stake favor the ordinance as the best thing they can get, hoping that the enthusiasm, the vigilance, or, as they think, the misplaced judgment of the municipal ownership men will wane and that they will in the future regain their ascendency. On the other hand, the "M. O." men hope this will be the "point of the wedge" which will eventually enable them to realize their expectations. They count on the growing intelligence and the ever-increasing clearness of the "logic of events" to perfect the scheme farther along. My own sympathies, as you well know, are with the latter class, and I believe if you had followed up the advantage gained, espoused heroically, a further campaign and declared yourself for reëlection on that line, you would have been carried triumphantly into the mayor's chair, irrespective of partisan opposition on both sides. Hence my great disappointment in your abandonment of what seemed to be your own child.

Again, let me say that I regard your declaration that all the laws bearing on Sunday closing as being "NO-LAWS" is a position, to say the least, surprising for a jurist of your eminence to take; a position full of civic dangers. It seems to me the only dignified, as well as the only legal and ethical, attitude for an executive officer to take is, that laws are made to be enforced, and while they remain on the statute book it is his duty to enforce them without let or hindrance, knowing that that is the best way to get rid of a bad law, and it is the right way to deal with a good law.

I fear also that this astonishing position for a judge and a lawyer to take is based upon an incapacity to discriminate between the sociological tendency to befriend the laboring man and to lighten the "industrial world" with a one-day rest in seven, and the old theological Sabbatarianism of Puritan emphasis which insisted on "Sabbath Day sanctities" for dogmatic, religious and sectarian reasons.

I believe I represent the larger class of the voters of Chicago and the growing sense of educated Christendom when I say that I have full sympathy with the former position and no sympathy with the latter position, and I believe that the experiences of Minneapolis, St. Louis, Toledo and other cities show that the day of the "wide-open" city on Sunday, as on election and other holidays, is going, because the "business," which is always recognized by law as a dangerous one, an evil to be curbed (this is the very foundation theory of license), is more dangerous on this day than any other, a greater menace to the sanctity of the home, the sacredness of life, and the rights of all law-abiding people.

Now, my dear friend, notwithstanding all these disappointments, I propose to vote for you, but also vote *for* the ordinance which you now try to defeat, and I do this because the other alternative is more gruesome. Your opponent is a man whose fame has been confined to the party machines and machinations. He was selected for political reasons by political manipulators, exploited by the partisan bosses and ward-heelers who caused the warring factions of Deneen, Lorimer, Madden, Jamison et al, to sheathe their swords and, like the proverbial lion and lamb, lie down peaceably all in one bed, after this malign promotion he was nominated by a brass band.

I do not forget that many good men have accepted the situation and are taking the other horn of the dilemma, and joining in this partisan cry for a "Republican at any price" and for a "business" administration. This last cry is one of the most insidious, mischief-making cries now in vogue because it deludes so many honest and sensible men. There are *business* qualifications necessary in the administration of a great city, but these can be obtained by legitimate appointment and wise selection of cabinet officers, if this selection is made without reference to political "debts" and "pulls."

What is needed by Chicago, and every other great city, is a statesman, a scholar, a philanthropist, a gentleman of culture and refinemeint, a home-maker and a home-lover, a man who has been in lifelong touch with educational and humanitarian forces. Only such a man can adequately represent so great a complexity and so high a function as that of the mayor of Chicago. All of his instincts should be for high and noble things, and because on these lines you stand incomparably above your opponent, I am going to vote for you, believing that when elected you will be freer from party manipulations than your rival and that you will keep more in touch with the moral forces which alone determine the greatness of a city, commercial boast and political clack notwithstanding. I will vote for you because I believe you will be more consistent to our mutual desire to establish an *independent* administration, and will be a better mayor for the entire city than your opponent could or would be, or that even you have been in the past.

Your experience as well as your study must prove to you that it is impossible for you to be at once a good mayor and a good "party man." You must choose between the city of Chicago and the hungry gang of "party" howlers.

I close with saying, for many others as well as myself, "With all your faults, we love you still."

Very respectfully yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE PULPIT

John Ruskin, Lover of Humanity

ADDRESS AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1907, BY REV. C. A. OSBORNE.

We are to think together for a few moments this morning of the precept and the example of a preacher of the social order, a teacher of the finest of the fine arts, of John Ruskin the lover of humanity.

Recently we saw a splendid exhibit here in Chicago of the industrial situation and we realized afresh the battle is raging between two opposing forces: the lust of gold and the love of God. John Ruskin was one of the pioneer students of social life, one of the first to discover that the crushing power of the modern industrial world was drawing human bodies and minds into the relentless maw of this modern juggernaut. It will be very much worth while if we can in any small measure look through the eyeglasses of John Ruskin, artist and reformer.

One does not need to close his eyes to the roseate beauty of the sunrise, or to underpraise the art which transfers that glory to the canvas, in order to give the strength of his own life to the art of daily living; but yet one may be pardoned for believing that the latter, after all, is the art which all others arts must serve, the finest of the fine arts—the art of right living. It may have been Sir Arthur Helps who first enriched the vocabulary of society with this phrase—the "art of right living," but it is inevitable that all earnest thinkers should confess its wide-sweeping truth. Henry Ward Beecher but echoed the note of all glowing souls when he said: "The supreme art life above all other arts is the art of living together and charitably. * * * All skill and knowledge aside from that is as nothing."

It may have been given to Mr. Ruskin to reveal the essential beauty of truth and the inevitable truth of all beauty, to insist that these two made for each other at the beginning could never be divorced; but this was not more a gift to the world of art than it was an impeachment of the world of life—both sociological and theological. If Ruskin dared to demand that temples and palaces, cathedrals and abbeys should all be uplit by the lamp of truth; if he dared to flash his falchion against every artist whose poem in marble or bronze did not ring true to the note of sincerity; if he renounced his poetic aspirations in order to tell the world that art had its heroes, and "that the mainspring of their energy was sincerity and the burden of their utterance Truth;"—what wonder that his kindling eye should ere long sweep in a wider horizon and his ringing challenge have a more universal note, namely, that not artist only but MAN should be true? If "the root of Mr. Ruskin's theory of art is its service to humanity through the presentation of noble ideas,"—what wonder that he should develop a consuming passion to serve humanity? If he could say (Modern Painters, V:201), "Every Principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact," what wonder that his supreme interest and his finest art should concern the producing of the spiritual and the vital,—not on the canvas but in the flesh and blood of human life?

And yet the change from these fine arts of his earlier years to this finest of arts, which claimed the supreme devotion of his ripened manhood, was neither quickly nor easily accomplished. There was nothing in Ruskin's early life to direct his attention to social phenomena, for from boyhood to manhood he was religiously, absolutely, shut off from contact with the "hoi polloi"—the unkempt herd of common life. Undoubtedly his father and mother were very good to him—abominably so. He was tended and cared for like a hot-house exotic; groomed and fed and taught and trained in the private convent kept by his mother—orthodox and pious, and his father—the wine-merchant, prosperous and pompous; we must be supremely thankful to them that after all they failed to spoil him! In Praeterita (L:141) he tells us that it was my father's ideal "that I should enter college in the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made at forty Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty Primate of England!" Fortunately this modest ambition did not make his head all grow to leaves, but neither did it give him any outlook on the world from which his father's fortune and his early occupations rigidly excluded him.

It is not, therefore, a merely mechanical division of Ruskin's life which divides it into two periods at the point of his fortieth year. While it is true that the later years are the natural and normal outgrowth of the seed-thoughts and the soul life of the earlier ones, yet it is not less true that the earlier period is the time of his Art work, whose monuments, Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps of Architecture, etc., are so well known; while the later period is the day of his social work, whose morning song is found in "Unto This Last," and whose practical principles are clearly set forth in that which Collingwood calls the central work of the life of John Ruskin—"Time and Tide," although its right to this title may be challenged by "Fors Clavigera."

At this fortieth milestone of his pilgrimage Ruskin went through a veritable temptation in the wilderness, as real and as deeply vital as Carlyle's Valley Struggle. And this comparison is a fortunate one, for if Turner was Ruskin's Art Teacher, Carlyle was his revered Master in social truth. And if the latter's struggle was more noisy and more boisterously triumphant, still was Ruskin's victory, yea, his conversion, more positive and definite than his Master's. The "Everlasting No" of "Sartor Resartus" has entered into the heart of John Ruskin and become a spiritual and vital "Everlasting Yea."

It would be interesting to trace the streams of truth and creed coming together at this period, back to their sources in the earlier years, and to discover how this change in outer occupation and in inner creed was but the inevitable outcome of the independent devotion to truth and sincerity, which was the dominant characteristic of the artist's whole life. It would be interesting to show how his conceptions of truth, which are entirely related to man as an individual in "The Modern Painters," have broadened into a postulate for Society in "Time and Tide," and to show how this broadening of his conception of man was contemporaneous with, and definitely related to, a broadening of his conception of God—his theological creed. He tells us that in 1845 (age 26) he first "broke the Sabbath" by climbing a hill after church. It was later than this he came to think that churches "built with hands" had less of sanctity than superstition had taught him. In 1851 he wrote his quaint "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," advocating a federation of all Protestants; and still later he scouted Protestantism altogether. This same year his pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism opened with the striking sentence: "It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this

world without working, but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work." Although still in the period of Art-work, here is a blow full in the face of English nobility, and the Art-heretic has become a social heretic as well. But more: to intimate that Christ or man could be happy in a world of woe,—that is unorthodox, it is rank heresy in religion! Yet rather than linger now by these earlier streams, whither I trust you may go for yourselves, let us seek the riverside of Ruskin's deeply flowing life of love, love for humanity. In the second volume of Modern Painters it is said that the only power by which the artist can compass his task is the power of love. "Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy can catch the sound." In the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's life, the eye of the artist searching for truth on the canvass, has become the eye of humanity's lover, flashing the God-love to hearts of his children; the ear attuned to the notes of sympathy has caught the cry of humanity's need, and all the skill and genius and power of a far-visioned soul has leaped to the service of the finest of the fine arts—the art of right living. Henceforth John Ruskin has one dream by night, one Psalm-song at sunrise, one struggle by noonday, one prayer at eventide,—the interpretation of the beauties of the universe of God into the language of common life; the transmutation, by the divine alchemy of love, of the sweetness, the happiness, the holiness of God into the soul-substance of human life. There is the sweetness of Sesame and Lilies, the perfume of "Queen's Gardens," the glory of the "Crown of Wild Olive," and the spirit life in "Ethics of the Dust." Surely it means something that John Ruskin, reared in opulence, literally steeped in culture, gifted with the subtle genius of an artist, endowed with a fortune,—could turn his back upon it all, abandon his chisel and brush and the very art-palaces that he loved, break fellowship with the culture of England, hurl defiance in the face of the orthodox rich and powerful, and almost single-handed take up the cause of the ignorant and the poor, the sad and the unwittingly sinful; devote his fortune to schools and guilds and social enterprises, and then add his own heart and hands and life itself to the unselfish purpose of making the social order, the common round of duty day by day, sweeter and happier and holier! It means something! Indeed, I am persuaded that Ruskin's great contribution to the solution of the social problem was rather of the heart than of the brain; was in furnishing the impulse and the power of social service, rather than in formulating principles of political economy; was in sounding a note of loving Fatherhood and happy brotherhood rather than in changing the social customs. Professor Blaisdell, of Beloit, used to say, "Read the literature of power." Ruskin has given the world a deathless literature of power, rather than of mechanical science, and in so doing he has failed to become a great Economist in order to remain forever humanity's sincere lover!

Time and talent would both fail me in trying to make good this statement, but it can surely do no harm to give it as my own conviction, and there would appear some ground for the judgment if we were to study the important economic positions which Mr. Ruskin has championed.

I am persuaded that the fundamental error which lies at the bottom of all Mr. Ruskin's peculiar and unscientific views of the social order is his failure or refusal to accept the principle of evolution, of progress, of change, as the corner stone of "human economics." As Mr. Hobson puts it the "specific ideals" of his early art theory misled him "into supposing that there was one specific ideal of society, independent of race, place, age, and all other conditions," i. e., social health was an accomplished order, and it was his duty to describe that perfect society—without which happiness was impossible, with which the millenium was attained. His ideas were not so essentially different from those of More—only the latter had the good sense to apply his to "Utopia" and Ruskin tried to plant his in the soil of England. No wonder he failed. Listen to his plan for a perfect society!

It must be a Kingdom, with an aristocracy upon which rested responsibility for all moral initiative, and a theocratic religion administered on earth by divinely appointed bishops, a hierarchy of "orders" penetrating all details of social life.

There could be no capitalists, for all "interest" is illegitimate and lawless, all simply manual occupations are brutalizing. (Time and Tide, page 127.)

Ruskin utterly failed to understand Democracy and consequently condemned it. He had no conception of the "authority," either in religion or in ethics, which our modern thinking has adopted. He taught a practical nationalization of the land, a limited state socialism, a paternalism in government, a union of churches by the abandonment of dogmatic religious teaching, but yet, after all, a nationalized church with an absolute ecclesiastical or apostolic authority;—this position led them to an open hostility to most existing conditions and political leaders. He said of himself: "My political teaching has never changed in a single thought or word, and being that of Homer, and Plato is not likely to do so." (A statement fortunately quite untrue.) Again, "There is one political opinion I do entertain and that is that Mr. Gladstone is an old wind-bag, who uses his splendid gifts of oratory not for the elucidation of a subject, but for its vaporization in a cloud of words." (An illustration of his lack of moderation.)

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of his peculiar ideals of a true or the true social order is to be found in his statement of woman's place (Fors. Clav Letters, 46). Five things woman may or should do, which sum up her whole duty or occupation in the social order: 1, To please people; 2, To feed them in dainty ways; 3, To clothe them; 4, To keep them orderly; 5, To teach them; i. e., Woman is the home maker and helper, and should never wrestle with the brutal world. And so I say it was Mr. Ruskin's fundamental error to conceive of social health, of good government, of true living, of health and happiness and holiness, as a certain definite and accomplished social order instead of a healthy and natural development or a constant and normal *progress upward*.

May I say that it is not monarchy or democracy, Calvinism or Arianism, Romanism or Protestantism, conservatism or liberalism, which is the solution of human problems, the panacea of the ills which flesh is heir to? It is not theories and platforms and creeds that will put roses into children's cheeks, crystallize the beauties of the finest of the fine arts into the soul-substance of human life. There are as many God-appointed pathways for human feet as there are human souls to follow them; as many right methods of human life as "time and tide" and varied environments may demand. America and Cuba and the Philippines today cannot move in the same groove. There is and can be no absolute standard of truth, no human norm of beauty, no one method of human happiness, no true social order yet conceived. It is not in this line that John Ruskin has bequeathed to us a literature of

abiding power. But there are better things than any of these.

If Ruskin failed to formulate the laws of the perfect social order, he did not fail to discern the crying need of his times nor to preach and practice the true spirit of the social redemption which is coming. Incensed at the evils of the established church as he saw it, Mr. Ruskin cried out: "If people in this world would but teach a little less religion and a little more common honesty it would be much more to everybody's purpose—and to God's." That was his way of putting the text-truth, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I think it has been well said that Ruskin helped to "humanize" society. Against the materialism of a soulless science, against the feverish mad rush to worship the golden calf and bow down before the Deity of dividends, against the anarchistic, anti-religious so-socialism of the age,—against all these John Ruskin stood, the fearless and mighty champion of the common humanity of man under the common and loving Fatherhood of God. Ruskin dealt some sturdy blows at the false "Political Economy" of his time from which that science can never recover. The assumptions that man was naturally and normally selfish and idle; that the only incentive to industry was profit or gain, and that work was merely a necessity of life—these Ruskin said are utterly false. Work is not a mere duty, it is the supreme condition of happiness. Neither the earning nor the spending of money is to be limited to the necessities of life, but should include the higher and nobler pleasures of culture. There is an economic value of affections and desires, both on the side of "production"—which is influenced by the training of the head and the hand and the heart, or the physical, mental and moral well-being, and on the side of "consumption"—which is likewise influenced by the culture of new desires, the love of books, art, music, etc. John Stuart Mill made Political Economy a Science of the processes by which men earn a living. But "What's a living?" asks Ruskin, and then answers in the terms of Wordsworth: "We live by admiration, hope and love."

Ruskin denies that man is a mere industrial animal to be classed with the machinery of the mill where he works. He flings his curse at the machine methods by which a man, unable to make a pin or nail, exhausts himself in making the point of a pin on the head of a nail. This makes man a machine, whereas he is an organic unit, and as father, friend, citizen, he is capable of and demands "economic" treatment.

Ruskin repudiates the money standard of value, the method of calculating cost, the principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. For example, hundreds of women in Chicago today are paid 75 cents a dozen for making shirts; adding 25 cents for material the department store figures its cost at 31¼ cents each. Ruskin says the destruction of human bodies, the damning of human souls, must go into the cost. As in Hood's "Song of the Shirt," it is not linen but human souls that cover our bones. Nor is a mere money standard a rational test of value. One dollar's worth of Shakespeare is not to be compared to one dollar's worth of poor whisky, nor a $500,000 brewery to a $200,000 Abraham Lincoln Centre! To Ruskin's question, "What is the true value of a thing?" neither he nor the Political Economists of his day returned a satisfactory answer; but yet the force of the question and the truth of his strong emphasis on the humanity of man will not be lost nor forgotten in human history.

Perhaps we may sum up the difference between the older Political Economy and the newer science for which Ruskin is somewhat responsible in this form: Jevons, Mills et al, teach a political economy which is the science of what *is*—what men actually want and do, whether right or wrong, helpful or hurtful. Ruskin would deal with society and with men as they *ought to be*. Not how much it cost to make a suit or a garment or a loaf of bread in the filth and life-destroying conditions of the sweat-shop and basement bakery, but how much ought it to cost under hygienic and humane conditions! This is the real economic problem which John Ruskin has forced upon us.

Matthew Arnold, standing beside Heine's grave, speaks of England in not essentially different terms from those Ruskin employed:

> "We too say that she flags:
> We too say that she now
> Scarce comprehends the voice
> Of her greatest, golden-mouthed sons
> Of a former age any more,
> Stupidly travels her round
> Of mechanic business and lets
> Slow die out of her life
> Glory and genius and joy."

It was Ruskin's mission to pour into oft unwilling ears the "glory and genius and joy" of which all England's noblest poets had dreamed; to pour into the turbid waters of the flesh-sea strife a stream of crystal beauty from the very waters of life; to bring into the clouded atmosphere of the valley life a very breath of beauty and sweetness and holiness from the mountains of God.

Perhaps not a great scientist but rather "as the greatest of prose poets and truest exponent of nature's beauty," as a genuine prophet of the truer and diviner humanity—John Ruskin may well be called humanity's lover.

Like Kingsley and Maurice, Arnold and Emerson, and perhaps more than any of these, Ruskin will ever be loved by the age to which he gave his heart's uncounted devotion, the willing service of his loving ministry. Heretic in art, heretic in economics, heretic in religion, perhaps he was—but may his tribe increase! May love as well as knowledge grow from more to more, and religion come to mean less of creed and more of character, less of ritual and more of righteousness, less of litany and more of love—the love that finds its truest sonship in the broadest brotherhood, because he that loveth God loves his brother also.

This is the blessed heritage from the life of John Ruskin. This is the noblest and the worthiest garland on his brow, the truest and the divinest epitaph we can write on his tombstone, the simple, great title, "Lover of humanity."

In how large a measure today do riches and culture hedge their possessors about as with a Chinese wall, which hides from their vision and knowledge the sorrow and the suffering, yea, the foul crimes of the industrial world! How true it is today that "half of the world does not know how the other half lives"—does not know the weight of human misery or hear the cry of human need. John Ruskin was rich and cultured, and yet he laid aside all his privilege and his fame, all his growing opportunity in aristocratic circles, that he might give his time and his talents, his fortune and his affection, himself, to the cause of men and women in the industrial world. His heart

responded to the truth: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, he that giveth his life shall find it."

"For this is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

CORRESPONDENCE

A Peace Thought

In the perusal of a recent copy of UNITY, which was replete with the gospel of peace, the inspiring words from the "Pulpit" furnished me a mindspring whereby I am moved to offer a few pertinent suggestions from a different point of view.

Preacher, poet and those of like type of mind, are not wont to consider things from the materialistic standpoint; yet that standpoint is not to be despised even when the matter seems of purely ethical significance.

"All good things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now, than flesh helps soul," is susceptible of collective application. The conscience of the world must do its share toward making the gospel of peace effective, but conscience must be reinforced by what seems a more ignoble motive.

Thus far in the development of civilization the materialistic or economic motive has been determinative, though the "vision" without which "the people perish" has not been wanting. And it is this economic motive, which is the outgrowth of the law of self-preservation (nature's first law), that will finally bring the vision of international peace into reality, thus showing us both the unity and common origin of "vision" and "law."

That this ever prevailing social force has brought forth many monstrosities of greed cannot be denied, but it has also brought forth industrial organization which, rightly administered, would bring freedom out of tyranny—peace out of strife. When this lesson is well learned and the knowledge applied we shall have peace at home and abroad.

When the ignorant many of the nations understand their economic interests and stand by them the much talked of international peace will not be far distant. Until such time the great organizations of the "business interests," driven by self-preservation and the cruel greed which the conditions of their growth have developed, will press with diplomacy, with fire and sword, if needs be, for widening markets and greater profits till the doors of all countries are open to them upon their own conditions. The government of a nation is the expression of its dominant economic interests. We cannot, therefore, logically expect universal peace so long as present industrial conditions prevail.

It is here we must look for the solution of that mystery—the reluctance of the United States to take a leading part, in accordance with her traditions, in international peace conferences.

Here, too, we find the reason for our enormous military appropriations; for such legislative enactments as the "Dick military bill;" for the counsel to our embryo soldiers emanating from the seats of the mighty that "a good soldier should like to fight;" for the building of forts and the establishment of schools of musketry; and lastly, for the inauguration of a great exposition where the main attraction will be a great naval and military display for the glorification of war.

If the producers of this country were in a condition to buy the *entire* (and much needed) product of their labor, a foreign market for the *surplus* would not be desired. There would then be "no need of arsenals and forts," no need of a navy to protect commerce or an army to quell labor riots at home.

Give the producer in every country the whole product of his labor minus only the necessary expense of administration, and of public institutions, and there will be no emigration treaties to threaten war, for people do not emigrate for want of love for the home land, but to better their material conditions. It is economic tyranny and strife that has "parcelled out this fair world in separate hates and called each hate a nation." But let this social force be so applied that the economic interest of each is the welfare of all, and mankind will gladly recognize their brotherhood—gladly do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

And out of this "all for each and each for all" will naturally come that prophetic "parliament of man, the federation of the world," in which the question of disarmament will require no debating.

ALICE BALL LOOMIS.

Easter Aspirations

The winter chains of ice are breaking,
The spring's warm breezes gently blow,
And life in air and earth is waking
With promise of rich overflow.

The melting icebergs southward swinging,
Rapid dissolve their Arctic pearl;
Toward milder climes wild birds are winging,
And joyously their sails unfurl.

Anemone and wild flowers peeping
With tender faces through the sod,
And sweet arbutus blooms seem keeping
Their beauty from the eyes of God;

Crocus and tulip hard are pressing
Their petals toward the waiting eye,
Ready to catch our glad caressing,
As visitants from out the sky.

Beauty and fragrance rich are filling
The air—the soul—with joy and light;
All nature, with her heartbeats thrilling,
Bids all things rise to loftier flight!

The world is speeding toward the better,
The truer in the heart holds sway;
Freedom is breaking every fetter,
And life grows sweeter every day.

The real truth in Resurrection
Is not dead matter newly born,
But life arising toward perfection,
A little nobler each new morn.

New hope, new peace, new love upspringing,
New consecration in each life,
And heaven to earth most truly bringing
The end of evil, wrong and strife.

We welcome you to Easter's meaning,
That we to higher living rise,
Daily from wrong and evil weaning,
Ascending toward those inner skies.

And thus like nature glad expressing
Abounding life through every pore,
And with the wings of angels soaring,
Rise into life forevermore!

A. JUDSON RICH.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Co-Operation of Catholics and Protestants

Perhaps the one most difficult thing in the Congress program is to bring Catholics into fellowship with Protestants, but this is exactly what is being attempted in Germany under the leadership of Professor Adolph Harnack. It is rumored that this brilliant favorite of the Emperor is soon to become head of the "Cultus" or church department in the government and that his address delivered on the Emperor's birthday is really his program of work. We find in the last *Literary Digest* an outline of Professor Harnack's address:

"The social contrasts and antagonisms of modern life, especially in Germany, are bad enough, but are nothing in comparison with the deep-seated break between the different classes caused by the confessional split. The results of the latter can be traced in every walk and station of life, and in thousands of details of thought and public life and private conviction. The possibility of inner harmony and co-operation is from the very outset made impossible by denominational differences: Protestantism and Catholicism are separated not by fences, but by walls and bulwarks.

"That these contrasts are not without good results it would be foolishness to deny. We are protected against the dilemma of 'church or atheism'; but this gain is bought at a terrible price and one that we cannot afford to pay, as experience shows.

"A better understanding and the attainment of a *modus vivendi* between the Protestants and the Catholics has usually been regarded as a utopian scheme, and this it is still if this means that the Catholics are to become Protestants or the Protestants to become Catholics. This, in the face of the history of the two great churches, is an impossible hope, and one that even a dreamer cannot entertain.

"But a better understanding between them can be reached, the speaker went on to say, and one that will perhaps enable them to co-operate against the common foes of society and the church. Much could be achieved in this direction if the earnest men of both churches would agree to abide by the following *pia desideria*, namely:

"(1) Let religion and the church and its work be absolutely divorced from all politics, and let the former be purely spiritual in character and the latter not be used or abused to foster secular purposes advanced in the name of the church. As long as confessional differences do not become the slogans of political parties, the possibilities of a certain degree of harmony between the churches is not impossible. Frankly stated, the Catholics have more to learn in this respect than the Protestants, as the latter have no hierarchy and its glory to maintain.

"(2) Let full justice by the state and its representatives be done to all the churches, and no preferences be shown to either; and least of all, let the state usurp any right to interfere in the inner affairs of the church.

"(3) Let all unnecessary controversies between the leaders of the different churches be avoided, and special efforts be made to treat the adversaries justly and fairly. The worst form of controversy is for one party to compare its best features with the poorest of the opposing side. Let theory be compared with theory, and practice with practice. Let the sins of the different churches in the past be forgotten, and the controversies confine themselves to the actual differences of the present. Let the dead bury its dead.

"(4) Let the savants of both churches try hard to understand each other and to appreciate the good things found in the opposing church. Both have much to learn from each other, and it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished that Catholic theologians attend the lectures of Protestant theologians at the universities, and Protestants visit those of the Catholic docents. It would be particularly useful if the savants of both churches would try first to reach an understanding in that department in which it is most easily attained, namely, the historical; here there is an immense field of research in which they can work shoulder to shoulder.

"(5) Finally, each church should encourage the peace-loving parties in its own fold and not give the leadership to the ultras and the radicals; but encourage evangelical tendencies, and not find the chief object of existence in mere adherence to what has become traditionally fixed in the churches, but to look hopefully and longingly into a better future divorced from the controversies of the past."

Carrying out this program will not destroy the historical individuality of the two great churches, Professor Harnack thinks, but they will both learn to serve the higher and highest interests of the church of Christ on earth, being relieved of fetters that have been hindering both from doing their best in realizing the Master's commands.—*Translated for Literary Digest.*

The Midnight Mission, Chicago

Sectarian attack and disputation are rigidly excluded from the work of this mission. Doubtless there are times and places for the presentation of particular truths, for which individuals or organized bodies of men count it their duty to stand. But such time and place are not afforded in the presence of blatant vice that is hurrying thousands to bodily, mental and spiritual doom—"destroyed for lack of knowledge."

The Hon. Charles Carroll, LL. D., the beloved and lamented founder of the Parliament of Religion, taught us to seek peace and pursue it. He had his own cherished special beliefs, but he saw the larger faith and the wider fellowship. He made the whole religious world less uncharitable. I knew him intimately for the last five years of his life. The Midnight Mission has come into being since he left us, but his dead hand, which is not dead, is upon it for peace. Surely he has the paramount blessing of the peacemakers, who shall be called the sons of God.

Catholics, Protestants and Jews have taken part in our midnight ministry to the misguided thousands who throng the streets of our scandalous "red light districts" in Chicago. Our work is distinctly and emphatically evangelical and evangelistic. But the only conditions that are required for participation in it are moral earnestness, consistent living, and ability to interest and impress others. Members of all churches and of no church have worked heartily and harmoniously side by side, many times through almost the whole night.

Perhaps a hundred thousand men have heard our midnight cry, and ten thousand depraved women,—but exact figures are in the nature of the case impossible. At times we have held four street meetings at once in the same block with forty or fifty workers in all. Scores of penitent men and youths, and some women, have knelt in the dust of the streets, confessing their sins. Hundreds, including church members and university students, have been turned back from the brink of ruin. Keepers of illegal resorts estimated that our work cost them $250 an hour in loss of patronage.

In close connections with our efforts immoral resorts have been suppressed in four streets, and the flagrant indecency for which our city was reproached so justly and so long has been remarkably diminished.

We are not foolish enough to claim to have done this, but the civic authorities will acknowledge our part in aiding and urging them to make the city better.

We use every honorable means at our disposal to compel the attention of our hearers and to stir them to repent. The Bible, the Revised Statutes of Illinois, a standard medical treatise on Insanity—these and whatever else will show the criminality and devastation of vice are used without hesitation. Perhaps nothing is more impressive than the description of the brain of a dead lunatic who lost his mind and his life as the wages of the sin upon which our hearers are bent. Others heed the medical testimony concerning the fearful suffering likely to come upon their present or future wives in consequence of their iniquity. The scientific proofs that four-tenths of all blindness is due to the diseases associated with the prostitution impress others. The statistics of the German empire show that 94 per cent of blind babies are blind from the sexual sins of one or both parents. All this is news to most of our hearers. Some of them are indifferent, some are hostile and insolent, but many are grateful.

ERNEST A. BELL, *Superintendent.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

A Check to the Sweatbox.

The lower house of the Illinois legislature has passed unanimously a bill to check the "sweatbox" methods in almost universal use by police officers to extort confessions from prisoners. Such methods are, of course, unconstitutional, but the prisoner is rarely in a position to assert his constitutional rights, and the proof of unconstitutional action would often be difficult to obtain. It is probable, if not certain, that considerable cruelty is often made use of by the police in their efforts to secure confessions. The bill provides that any policeman convicted of abusing a prisoner for this purpose shall be sent to the penitentiary and debarred from all employment in any official position thereafter. It also provides that no confession of a prisoner shall be valid in court unless accompanied by a sworn statement that it is voluntary and without compulsion. The sponsor for the bill stated his belief that the police under present circumstances would not stop short of murder to make out a case against a man suspected of a crime.

The Curse of the Slot Machine.

If any one thinks that nickel in the slot gambling machines are silly but comparatively harmless, the story of an Alton schoolmaster may serve to change his opinion. Seven years ago he had wife, friends, property, a good position as an educator and the respect of the community. Now all these are gone down the slot, and he has been admitted to the almshouse at 55, penniless, broken in health and worthless.

San Francisco's Scandal.

Investigations by the grand jury in San Francisco indicate that the graft system operated by Boss Ruef, Mayor Schmitz and their fellows was far more extended than was at first supposed. Sixty-five indictments have been found against Ruef for bribery. According to the confession of one supervisor Ruef received over $800,000 for franchises alone. Street railroads, telephone and telegraph companies, in fact all public utility corporations were implicated in the transactions. How widespread is the corruption is indicated by the fact that it is deemed unsafe to leave Ruef in the custody either of the sheriff or of the chief of police, and he has been confided to the care of an officer of the court specially appointed. There has been a great outcry for the punishment of the "big fellows," that is the bribe payers, even though it be necessary to accept the evidence of some of the "little fellows," that is the bribe takers, on conditions of their immunity. Bribe giving is bad business, but one great element of its badness lies in its corruption of otherwise honest officials. To speak of "corrupting" Abe Ruef is to speak of painting the lily. The bribe-givers were simply held up. They are not blameless, but they are not the chief sinners this time.

The Thaw Trial.

The Thaw trial continues to drag its slow length over the first pages of our newspapers. The great difference now is that the prosecution is now the one that is trying to prove Thaw insane, while the defense is making strenuous efforts to set forth his present sanity. The most striking point just now is the absurdity of having such a question determined by jury trial. The efforts of the defense have been devoted to the purpose of showing that there was insanity enough about Thaw to serve as a pretext for letting him off, but not enough to justify confining him in an insane asylum. The sooner such questions are determined in a scientific way by competent and unprejudiced experts the better for the country.

Central American Troubles.

The war between Nicaragua and Honduras, which is said to have started in the theft of a Honduran mule by a Nicaraguan officer, is said, at this writing, to have come to an end by the defeat of the Hondurans and their allies of San Salvador and the flight of the Honduran president. That country thus loses both its mule and its president. Which was the greater loss must be left to experts. A president who would plunge his country into war for such a cause would seem to be cheaply got rid of at the cost of a war of a week or two. But will the next man be any better? The united efforts of Mexico and the United States could not bring about the abatement of the quarrel by arbitration.

Trouble in China.

The famine in China is becoming the source of political difficulties. Revolutionary societies, by giving relief themselves and denouncing the government for its remissness in that respect are gaining a formidable following. As an offset Viceroy Tuan Fang has asked for $1,000,000 for the purchase of rice to feed the sufferers. As compared with the need this is but a small sum, but it indicates a new policy on the part of the government. It means a new awakening to the responsibilities which devolve upon the modern ruler if he would keep his place. It requires but little foresight to see that it is cheaper and better to prevent famines than it is to relieve them, and a new step forward in the awakening of the Celestial Empire is foreshadowed as the outcome of this great calamity.

Church Union.

A council of the Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants and United Brethren has been in session in Chicago from the 20th to the 22d to perfect the plan of union for these bodies proposed at a previous council held at Dayton, Ohio, something over a year ago. Apparently all has gone smoothly, the name of "The United Church" has been agreed on, and the attention of the council has been largely occupied with matters of financial detail in connection with the great properties held by Methodists and Brethren. It is still quite problematic, however, whether the plan will be carried out. The bodies, while similar in polity, represent quite different theological tendencies, and sooner or later the significance of the creed adopted at the Dayton council is likely to become a bone of contention. No Congregational church can be bound by it except by its own vote, and that vote most of the leading churches of that body would refuse to give. On the other hand, the other two denominations may well feel reluctant to unite in a way in which they will feel bound while the others are not. The name question will also present many practical difficulties. Few of the individual churches will be ready to relinquish their distinctive names as Congregational, and the like, but, until they do, the union will be far from complete. T. D. B.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;
He sped an arrow but he missed his aim;
And slept at last beneath a simple stone,
With no achievements carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part
I dare not use the word, for what if Heaven
Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,
Not "Hast thou won?" but only, "Hast thou striven?"

—*Kate Tucker Goode.*

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the fountain of youth is within us;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

—*Longfellow.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Regard not much who is for thee, or who against thee; but give all thy thought and care to this that God is with thee in everything thou doest.

MON.—First keep thyself in peace and then shalt thou be able to make peace among others.

TUES.—By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly; namely, by Simplicity and Purity.

WED.—He is truly great who hath great love.

THURS.—God walketh with the simple.

FRI.—From a pure heart proceedeth the fruit of a good life.

SAT.—If the truth shalt have made thee free, thou shalt be free indeed.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

A Little Traveller

One morning a little water-drop found itself lying cozy and happy on the edge of a big, warm ocean. As it lay there it could look up at the beautiful blue sky and over to the land where waved green palm-trees and, huddled closely together, huge trees with sweet, spicy odors. Every now and then it heard the sweet song of a canary-bird or the swish of a humming-bird, and sometimes it caught glimpses of birds of green and scarlet and gold. Then again came the shrill voice of a parrot and the gay chattering of monkeys.

"Perhaps I shall be here forever by the shore of this sunny southern land," thought the little water-drop.

But just then a sunbeam came along, and said, "Hey, little water-drop, come with me for a ride!"

And before she had time to reply the drop of water found herself being drawn through the air in the sunbeam carriage. Higher and higher she went. It seemed as if she would never stop—up over the tree-tops, over the hilltops, still onward. Was she going to the beautiful golden sun?

By and by she began to get chilly. She began to shiver. "I should have brought something warm to wrap about me on such a long journey," she sighed.

Just then she met some more shivering drops.

"We all seem to be going the same way, so let us journey together in cloud-fashion, and perhaps if we keep close to each other we shall be warmer," said the little drop, drawing closer.

The wind was travelling that way, and as he came blowing along met the cloud. He said:

"Hallo, little cloud! I shall help you on your journey." So he blew the cloud before him. At last he blew so hard that he scattered the little drops again.

"What next?" murmured the drop, as she found herself flying on toward the north, with the cold wind still blowing behind her. On and on she went, nor ever stopped until she had reached the top of a mountain in a cold country called Greenland.

"I know I am frozen stiff!" she sighed, scarcely daring to look at herself. But when she did, instead of being a lump of frozen water, she saw herself a six-pointed crystal star, so white and pure that she exclaimed, "Oh, I am as white as snow—and I believe I am snow."

But before she had time to reason about it she found herself hurrying down the mountainside. She was going so fast that she began to get frightened, and thought of turning back. She tried to turn her head, but she was crowded and jammed so by millions of snowflakes, which came rushing down behind her, that all she could do was to keep on her way.

She could see in the distance a narrow valley, toward which they they seemed to be hastening. As they came nearer it, all the snowflakes from the broad mountainside were heaped together—millions on top of her, millions in front of her, and millions all about her—and still the crush grew greater.

"I'm being crushed to death! All the life is going from me!" murmured the little drop. But it was only the air leaving her, and when that was gone she found herself part of a great river of ice, that went creeping on toward the valley.

Then, crack! crack! the river of ice had reached a sea. It slid over the brink of land—it was breaking in pieces.

Crack! crack! once more, and then, splash! went a part into the sea—and in the part was the little drop. So she was soon sailing about on the bounding, heaving ocean, not in a warm ocean like the one she used to live in down in the sunny southern land, but a cold, shivery ocean.

"Never mind! It's fun to go sailing about in the polar regions, part of a big iceberg!" joyfully spoke the little drop. So all day long she floated onward, part of the big ice house. Sometimes the little drop looked at the shore, expecting to see waving palm-trees and birds of scarlet and green and gold, to hear the sweet songs and the monkeys' gay chattering; but instead, she saw only banks of snow and ice, and now and then a big white bear, or more often the bobbing head of a seal.

Then the sun began to shine. Warmer and warmer grew the water and warmer and warmer the air. Every day the iceberg was growing smaller, and at last, one sunny day, great warm waves came dashing over its sides, when, pop! right over into the sea went all that was left of the iceberg; and the little drop was once more a free, real water-drop, floating side by side with other little water-drops, down toward the south country, the palm-trees and the birds.

"I'm getting warm—so warm!" bubbled the little water-drop. "But I suppose I won't mind the heat in a little while, for I shall get used to it, just as I became used to the cold when I was up in the north country," she wisely concluded.

On toward the south went the ocean, and one morning, splash! went a big wave, and then the little drop found itself lying on the edge of a beautiful shore. She looked up, and there were the feathery palm-trees, the parrots, the monkeys, the beautiful birds of rainbow colors—and from the tree-tops came the gay songs and the spicy odors.

Then the little water-drop knew she was back to the warm, tropical country, and as she carefully looked all about, she knew this was the very place she had lain on that sunny morning so long ago.

"Can it be all a dream?" she whispered. "Am I really the same little drop that was once away up in those clouds and sliding down the mountain, part of that big glacier, and floating in that big iceberg up in the cold north, among ice and snow?"

"The very same!" murmured the lapping waves.

"The very same!" gently breathed the waving palm-trees.

"The very same!" sweetly caroled the birds.

"The very same! The very same!" then joyfully answered the little water-drop.—*Marion Wathen, in The Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Spring Violets

Such quaint and tiny bonnets
These dainty flowers bring,
Such sweet and restful sonnets
These fairy angels sing.
Of all the Easter fashions
None half so fine as these.
For all the human passions
No music like heartease.

They are not rare, exotic,
No product of man's mind,
Nor freak of chance chaotic,
But common, homely kind.
Than any such much rarer
They brighten common sod.
Than human thought far fairer,
They are the thought of God.

Though born of earth and lowly
They're fragrant of the skies.
They look so pure and holy
From tender violet eyes.
They gaze into our faces
As though in solemn thought,
Reminding us of graces
Too precious to be bought.

They are the finished beauty
Of earlier scattered seeds,
The blossoms of a duty
Done for another's needs.
They whisper to each other,
And nod their heads again,
That man to man is brother,
Their beauty born of pain.

Such is the simple story
The violets told to me.
Their bonnets hid their glory
In gentle modesty.
Their perfume came unbidden
And made their secret plain,
As gracious acts self-hidden,
Like kindly deeds of men.

—*Chester Holcombe.*

Foreign Notes

A DRESDEN PASTOR'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.—Pfarrer Wilhelm Gamper, a Swiss by birth, but for many years an active, successful, and withal liberal, pastor in Germany, celebrated, on February 3d, just past, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in Dresden. In these days, when so many reports come to us of ecclesiastical or governmental narrowness, and reactionary interference with individual liberty of conscience, as well as with the expressed will of churches in different parts of Germany as to the selection of their pastors, it is especially pleasant to have direct testimony to the fact that a pastor of avowedly liberal views has maintained the freedom of his pulpit and, with the full sympathy and support of his people, been able to carry on not merely the ordinary affairs of a successful pastor but to bear no inconsiderable part in the life of the community at large.

Pastor Gamper first became known to me something less than twenty years ago, as a Dresden pastor on whose library shelves were to be found the works of Channing, Theodore Parker, and other of America's early Unitarian leaders, and who was much interested in keeping up with the progress of liberal religious thought in this country. He has been for many years a reader of UNITY, and would, there is little doubt, have been at least an occasional contributor had he been able to express himself as readily in English as he is to read it. Hindered first by his own severe illness, which kept him out of his pulpit and an exile in one of Switzerland's admirable winter sanatoria for many long months, and later by a sad family bereavement, he has never attended a meeting of the International Council of liberals, though he has followed the course of this effort to unite the liberal religious workers of all lands with warm interest and sympathy.

A little pamphlet containing his recent anniversary sermon, and the other addresses on the occasion of his quarter centennial, lies before me. These words from his opening remarks are significant:

"Sustained by your to me invaluable confidence, I have been able to proclaim to you from this pulpit the word of life in accordance with my innermost conviction, as it has taken shape after reflection and prayer, study and experience. Truly it has been a great boon to be bound by no dogma foreign to my soul, but rather to be able to speak out of the fullness of what God has revealed to me, freely, frankly and right from the heart, with the assurance that it would meet a similar reception from you and most surely lead you to the very sanctuary of religion. So, too, I have taught my dear candidates for confirmation with enthusiasm and holy zeal, striving to make the consciousness of God and the Christian spirit of love seem to them, not an outward compulsion, but something dear and precious, the treasure of their souls. In this I have been greatly aided by our new confirmation vow, which, in its comprehensiveness and simplicity, lays no burden on the conscience yet pledges one so earnestly to those things that every man must hold sacred."

In another passage he says: "Would that our glances could survey the field of the great protestant churches of Germany with equal joy and satisfaction, but over these have hung for the past decade, dark clouds of compulsion of conscience, pressing heavily on many noble souls, crippling and bewildering by their influence millions of evangelical Christians. Verily we have ever-renewed cause to thankfully say with our sister church in Leipzig, 'The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places!' and to rejoice that we, for many decades, have been able in full liberty, to go hand in hand with her and to work out a satisfactory solution of common problems, such as the introduction of individual communion cups."

In an address of loving greeting to their pastor, the representative of the congregation thus touched upon these points:

"Whenever the occasion demanded, you have labored with manliness and courage, both in the church and outside, for the progressive development of the doctrines of our church, true to the mandate which this parish gives its leaders as their guide. That under your official guidance, our society has erected a new house of worship, that in agreement with the our sister church at Leipzig, and with the unanimous assent of our own members, it has improved the method of administering the communion, and, above all, that the confirmation vow for our young people has been revised in the direction of greater freedom and vitality, will have a permanent influence on the memory and the life of this society."

The pastor of the Leipzig church was present and paid his warm tribute to the beloved Dresdener. Appealing to the latter's parishioners, he said:

"I call you to witness when I say: We have in him a theologian as devout as he is independent, who as such says no word that does not spring from his inmost conviction; the loyal, sincere pupil of Emmanuel Biedermann. He is the warm-hearted protestant who in manly loyalty follows his Zwingli, and if need were, would be ready like him to march to the battle of Kappel for his flock, as faithful shepherd and fearless fighter. We recognize in him the undeniable, wise shepherd of souls, with sympathy and comprehension for all classes of the people who by the way he has met his own difficulties and borne his own sorrows has naturally won the full confidence and the sincerest veneration of the struggling and the sorrowing all about him. We honor in him the Christian who in the love of Christ, especially in loving work, fulfils the law; and the truly cultivated man, who with all devotion to his high calling, to religion and to the church, yet finds time to cultivate science and art and a wide range of interests and to welcome cordially his poor Swiss compatriots. All in all, he stands before us a most lovable man, to whom nothing human is foreign, who

in every respect wills and dares to be first a man, to look into whose true eyes, to grasp whose hand, to listen to whose valiant words, is always a benediction, an invigoration of the soul."

We join with Pastor Gamper's friends and parishioners in wishing him many more years of mutual love and service among his people. M. E. H.

Easter in the Town

The city's waste still hems one round,
Immitigable, drear,
Still, day and night, its sullen roar
Falls on my listening ear.

And yet I see in every square
The grass, undaunted, shine,
And how, on many a dusty front,
Burgeons the starveling vine.

What is the message of the sun?
Small space he hath of air
Between these grim and frowning piles
His meaning to declare!

And yet a thrill from man to man
Runs through the surging streets,
And with a sudden sense of joy
His neighbor each one greets.

It is the flood-tide of the year;
And to those happy men
Who dwell afar from cities now
The miracle is plain.

Once more the small flowers gem the gr
The ungyved brooks run free;
Once more from every tree-top rings
The blue-bird's ecstacy.

It is the flood-tide of the year;
The world is lifted up,
As lifts, within a minster old,
The kneeling priest his cup.

Again the moment! through the earth
There runs the quickening thrill,
Makes life of death, and love of hate,
And wine of water, still.

Lord! lift me, fill me, with the rest,
And let this heart of mine
Feel in its pulse's constant throb
Thy sacrificial wine.

—*Exchange.*

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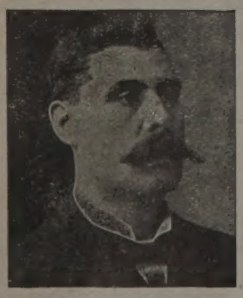

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